

Business Cards.

LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Collecting and Conveyancing promptly
attended to.
Office, second story of Court House, above
Prothonotary's office.

ROBERT MCNEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office on Bridge street, in the room formerly
occupied by E. B. Farber, Esq.

S. B. LOUDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendor of
Goods, from two to ten dollars. Satisfaction
guaranteed. nov2, '99

O YES! O YES!
H. H. SNYDER, Perryville, Pa.
Tenders his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata and adjoining counties, as Auctioneer—
Goods moderate. For satisfaction give the
Doolan a chance. P. O. address, Port
Royal, Juniata Co., Pa. [Feb 7, '72-ly]

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST,
PATTERSON, PENN'A.
August 18, 1869-4f

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in
Lafayette building, two doors above the
Post office, Bridge street. [Jan 18-4f]

D. C. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Having permanently located in the borough
of Mifflintown, offers his professional services
to the citizens of this place and surrounding
country.
Office on Main street, over Biddle's Drug
Store. [Jan 18 1869-4f]

Dr. R. A. Simpson
Treats all forms of disease, and may be con-
sulted as follows: At his office in Liverpool
Pa., every SATURDAY and MONDAY—ap-
pointments can be made for other days.
Call on or address
DR. R. A. SIMPSON,
Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.
LEX. K. McCLURE.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Oct 27-4f

CENTRAL CLAIM AGENCY,
JAMES M. SELLERS,
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Bonds, Pensions, Back Pay, Horse
Claims, State Claims, &c., promptly collected.
No charge for information, nor when money
is not collected. [Jan 27-4f]

BLOOMSBURG STATE NORMAL
SCHOOL AND
Literary and Commercial Institute.
The Faculty of this Institution aim to be
very thorough in their instruction, and to
look carefully after the manners, health and
morals of the students.
Apply for catalogues to
HENRY CARVER, A. M.,
Sept 28, 1871-6m] Principal.

ATTENTION!
DAVID WATTS most respectfully an-
nounces to the public that he is prepared to
furnish
SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY
at reduced prices. Hereafter give him a call
at his OLD STAND, MAIN ST., MIFFLIN.
Oct 26-4f

New Drug Store
IN PERRYVILLE.
DR. J. J. APPERBAUGH has established
a Drug and Prescription Store in the
above-named place, and keeps a general as-
sortment of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
Also all other articles usually kept in estab-
lishments of this kind.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal
purposes, Cigars, Tobacco, Stationery, Con-
fectioneries (first-class), Notions, &c., etc.
The Doctor gives advice free.

NEW DRUG STORE.
BANKS & HAMLIN,
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.
DEALERS IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Oils, Free Stuff,
Paints, Putty, Glass,
Varnishes, Burners,
Lamps, Chimneys, Brushes,
Infants' Bottles, Sops,
Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes,
Perfumery, Combs,
Hair Oil, Tobacco,
Cigars, and Stationery.
LARGE VARIETY OF
PATENT MEDICINES,
selected with great care, and warranted from
high authority.
Purveyors of WINES AND LIQUORS for Medi-
cal Purposes.
PRESCRIPTIONS compounded with
great care. [Jan 16-72-ly]

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN
AT
Hollobaugh's Saloon.
Two far cents. Also, the Free-Press Lager,
the Largest Oyster, the Sweetest Cider, the
Finest Domestic Wines, and, in short, any
thing you may wish in the
EATING OR DRINKING LINE
at the most reasonable prices. He has also
refitted his
BILLIARD HALL,
so that it will now compare favorably with
any Hall in the interior of the State.
June 1, 1870-1y

Juniata



Sentinel.

R. F. SCHWEIER,

VOLUME XXVI, NO. 22

[THE CONSTITUTION—THE RIGHT—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., MAY 29 1872.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE NUMBER 1316.

Local Advertisements.

Shelley & Stambaugh.
NEW PRICES
IN
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
WOOD & WILLOW WARE
CARPETS,
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
TABLE OIL CLOTHS, &c., &c.

If you want to see an entire new
stock of Goods at Low Prices, call at the
NEW CRYSTAL PALACE BUILDING,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
SHELLEY & STAMBAUGH.
Nov. 29, 1871.

JUNIATA VALLEY BANK
OF
MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.

JOSEPH POMEROY, President.
T. VAN IRVIN, Cashier.

Directors.
Joseph Pomerooy, John J. Patterson,
Jerome N. Thompson, George Jacobs,
John Galsbach.

Loan money, receive deposits, pay interest
on time deposits, buy and sell gold and
United States Bonds, exchange and checks.
Remit money to any part of the United States
and also to England, Scotland, Ireland and
Germany. Sell Revenue Stamps.
In sums of \$200 at 2 per cent. discount.
In sums of \$500 at 2 1/2 per cent. discount.
In sums of \$1000 at 3 per cent. discount.

New Store and New Goods.
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &c.
Main Street, Mifflintown.

HAVING opened out a GROCERY and
PROVISION STORE in the old stand
on Main Street, Mifflintown, I would respect-
fully call the attention of the public to the
following articles, which I will keep on hand
at all times:
SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA,
MOLASSES, RICE,
FISH, SALT,
DRIED AND CANNED FRUIT.
HAM, SHOULDER, DRIED BEEF,
Confectioneries, Nuts, &c.,
Tobacco, Cigars,
GLASSWARE,
Flour, Feed, &c.
All of which will be sold cheap for Cash or
Country Produce. Give me a call and hear
my prices.
Mifflintown, May 2, 1872. J. W. KIRK.

The Place for Good Grape-vines
IS AT THE
Juniata Valley Vineyards,
AND GRAPE-VINE NURSERY.

THE undersigned would respectfully in-
form the public that he has started a
Grape-vine Nursery about one mile northwest
of Mifflintown, where he has been testing a
large number of the different varieties of
Grapes; and having been in the business for
seven years, he is now prepared to furnish
VINES OF ALL THE LEADING
VARIETIES, AND OF THE
MOST PROMISING
KINDS, AT
LOW RATES.
by the single vine, dozen, hundred or thousand.
All persons wishing good and thrifty
vines will do well to call and see for them-
selves.
Good and responsible Agents wanted.
Address, **JONAS OBERHOLTZER,**
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa.

WALL PAPER.
Rally to the Place where you can buy
your Wall Paper Cheap.
THE undersigned takes this method of in-
forming the public that he has just re-
ceived at his residence on Third Street, Mif-
flintown, a large assortment of
WALL PAPER,
of various styles, which he offers for sale
CHEAPER than can be purchased elsewhere
in the county. All persons in need of the
above article, and wishing to save money, are
invited to call and examine his stock and
hear his prices before going elsewhere.
Large supply constantly on hand.
WILLIAM BASOM.
Mifflintown, April 8, 1871-4f

A Large assortment of Queensware, China
ware, Glassware, Crockery ware, Cellar
ware, &c., for sale cheap by
TILTON & EFENSCHADE'S.

Poetry.

THE PACES WE MEET.

Oh, the faces we meet
In the crowded street,
With their smiling lips or their weary eye;
And the clouds of care,
Which they often wear
As they hurry swiftly by.

There are faces as gay
As the waves that play
On the sunny sand of an islet green;
There are eyes as bright
As the jewels' light,
That fall on the brow of a queen.

There are tresses of hair
Like a golden snare,
And they catch many hearts in their meshes
Like a golden snare.

There are looks like the night
On a mountain height
Ere the day-star heralds the dawn.

There are brows as free
As a land-lark's sea,
No storms have driven, no tempest tossed;
And brows as black
As the darkest track
Which the fire-demon has crossed.

There are lips whose smile,
Without malice or guile,
Light the face as the sun lights the sea;
And lips whose smile
Chills the blood as with fear,
At its dark malignity.

Oh, the faces we meet
In the crowded street,
With careless brows or clasped eyes;
Are pictures of light, made
Of light and shade,
As they pass us swiftly by.

Select Story.

KATE'S ACCOMPLISHMENT.

SKETCH FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

"Really Kate, you have succeeded
very well. Where my daughters are so
truly accomplished I dare not draw com-
parison; but I say to you that I con-
sider your education 'perfect.' And
this speaking, Mrs. Lanark, a woman of
five and forty, and the mother of three
grown up daughters, lay back in her
easy chair and gently waved her fan.

Kate, the youngest of the three daugh-
ters, had just arisen from the pianoforte,
where she had improved upon her last
course. She was nineteen years of age,
and her form was of the pure female
type—not robust, nor yet fairly like, but
after the fashion of those models which
the old Greeks used to adopt when they
wished to sculpture an Adriatic or a
Trophæus. Touching her face—it
was certainly a good looking face. To
call such a face pretty would sound tame
and flat. Mrs. Lanark thought Isabel
and Bertha were both prettier than Kate,
while Mr. Lanark was of a different
opinion. However, upon one point there
was no dispute. The Judge would often
say—"Well, my little Kate looks very
good, anyhow." And nobody had ever
disputed him.

Isabel and Bertha were the other two,
both older than Kate, being aged res-
pectively twenty-one and twenty-three.
They had graduated at a very fashion-
able school, and were deemed very
very highly accomplished; and more-
over, they were called beautiful.

Judge Lanark was the father of these
girls. He was a man of means, though
not of large wealth. He had been a
successful lawyer, and was now upon
the bench; and his social position was
of the very highest. Governors had
been among his clients, and Senators
looked to him for counsel and assist-
ance. The Judge had reared two sons
and sent them forth into active useful
life; but his daughters he had left to his
wife.

"Of course," Mrs. Lanark continued,
after she had taken her seat near to her
father, "you do not play as well as your
sisters, but it will come to you by prac-
tice. I think I may safely say that
your list of necessary accomplishments is
full."

"Not quite," said Kate, with a nod and
a smile. There is one more accomplish-
ment to add to my list. I longed for
many a time when I was at school and I
am led to long for it at many places I
am forced to visit. I must learn to cook."

"To what?" cried Mrs. Lanark.

"To cook?" queried Isabel and Bertha
in concert.

"Aye," added Kate—"I will not consider
my woman's accomplishments complete
until I can, with my own hands, make a
loaf of wheaten bread fit to set before my
father."

"The Judge caught his Kate by the
hand and cried:
"Good, good for Kate!"

Isabel and Bertha smiled derisively.
Their looks plainly showed that they
considered the thing ridiculous.

Mrs. Lanark looked in surprise and
deprecation. It seemed a reflection upon
her educational care of her daughters.
Kate saw the look, she answered:

"I do not mean a loaf of such soggy
stuff as some of our friends make with
cream of tartar and saleratus, nor yet a
loaf of the puffy stuff that comes to us
from the baker's, but I mean a loaf of
such bread my own mother used to as
bake when I was a wee child."

Mrs. Lanark was mollified, but not
converted.

"Ah, Kate, times have changed since I
was young."

"For the worse!" muttered the Judge.
But his wife did not notice him. She
went on.

"You had better leave the making of
bread to the help in the kitchen. If ever
you have a home of your own I trust
you will have enough else to occupy
your time without doing the work of
your servants."

"If ever I have a home of my own,"
said Kate with mild decision, "I am de-
termined that I will be able to superin-
tend every part of it. My servants shall
not be my mistresses. No servants em-
ployed in my household shall be able to
look down upon me. I will not be the
slave nor the victim of my cook."

"Good," again cried the Judge. "Go
it, Kate, and I will furnish the material.
Waste a dozen barrels of flour, if nec-
essary—only bring me a grand good
loaf of bread of your own making and
baking in the end!"

Mrs. Lanark thought it foolish, and
Isabel and Bertha characterized it as
very childish and whimsical. They fan-
cied that it smacked of the nursery and
playroom.

But Kate was in earnest; and as her
father backed her up, she carried the
day, and gained the freedom of the
kitchen, where the servants soon came to
love her.

The following winter Isabel and Ber-
tha spent in the city. Kate remained at
home, because her mother could not
spare them all. During their visit to
the metropolis, the elder sisters made
their friends and formed a few pleasant
associations. Among others, they met
with Roland Archworth, a young banker
whose father had been Judge Lanark's
classmate and chum at college. In their
letters home they had informed their
father of this fact, and the Judge, re-
membering the elder Archworth with
treasured love and esteem, and knowing
the son to be the occupant of an exalted
position in society had invited the young
man to visit him at his country house.

And thus it happened that when sum-
mer came Roland Archworth came up to
Lanark's pleasant home. He was a
young man of five and twenty years,
and to use the expression of one who
knew him well, every inch a man.
He had inherited a fortune from his
father, and was now a partner in the
house which his father had founded.
There was no speculation in business
which he followed. With a banking
capital fully equal to the greatest possible
emergency, the house pursued a legiti-
mate course and its wealth was con-
stantly and surely increasing.

Is it a wonder Mrs. Lanark's heart
flattered when the prospect dawned upon
her that the young banker might pos-
sibly seek one of her daughters for a
wife? She cared not whether he chose
Isabel or Bertha. They were both ac-
complished, and either would make a
worthy mate for him.

And we do not do the Judge injustice
when we say that even he allowed him-
self to hope that the son of his classmate
might find it in his heart to love one of
the girls. He had studied the young
man's character well and he believed it
to be one of the purest and best.

Isabel and Bertha. Of course
there was rivalry between them, but
they agreed they would abide the issue.
If Isabel were selected to preside over
the home of the millionaire, Bertha
would not complain; and should Bertha
prove the fortunate one, Isabel was pre-
pared to yield.

One thing happened very unfortuna-
te. On the very day of Archworth's ar-
rival, the cook had been taken sick.
What was to be done?

"Never mind," said Kate with a smile.
"I will take the reins until the cook
gets well."

"But for mercy's sake," implored Isa-
bel, "don't let Mr. Archworth know it!"
He belongs to a sphere which would be
shocked by such a gross impropriety.
He would look upon us as belonging to
the cannibal!

But there was no present help for it,
and Kate went into the kitchen and took
command of the forces in that quarter.

"Will you have some of this cake, Mr.
Archworth," asked Mrs. Lanark, lifting
the silver basket of frosted niceties.

"No," replied the visitor; with a smile.
If you will let me exercise my own whim
you will please me. This plain bread is
a luxury which I do not often meet. It
takes me back to my boyhood's days. I
have not eaten such since I ate the bread
which my own mother made. If ever
I keep house for myself I think I shall
ask you to send me your cook."

For the life of them they could not
help the betrayal of emotion. Poor
Kate, who sat exactly opposite the
spaker, blushed until it seemed as
though all the blood in her body were
running into her face—while Isabel and
Bertha trembled as they would tremble
had they found themselves unexpectedly
upon the verge of a frightful precipice.

The Judge laughed outright.

"You get our cook into your house and
you'll find you'd caught a tatar, my
boy," said the Judge. And then to
change the subject he added quickly:

"I remember your mother very well
Roland, and I have eaten her bread."

And thus the conversation softened
down into the memory of other days.

Touching Roland's associations with
Lanark's daughters, he seemed to enjoy
the society of them all. If he seemed
more eager to talk with one than the
other, it was with Kate—not, perhaps,
because he had found her more attrac-
tive, but because she kept herself hidden
away from him so much. During the
brief interviews which had been per-
mitted him, he had found her not only
accomplished, but he thought he had de-
tected an undercurrent of plain, common
sense which had not appeared in the
others. And, again, when he had been
speaking of his mother, he had noticed
Kate's eyes grow moist with sympathetic
light, while her sisters had only smiled
in their sweet pleasant way. He fan-
cied that through the gathering moisture
of those deep blue eyes he had looked
down into a warm and tender heart—a
heart that was true and reliable.

One bright morning Roland Archworth
rose with the sun and walked out into
the garden. By and by he came round
by the porch, and entered the kitchen
to ask for a drink of milk—for he had
just seen the gardener bringing in a brim-
ming pail from the stable.

He went in, and saw Kate. Lanark
at the moulding board, her white arms bare
to the shoulders, kneading a snowy pile
of dough. She did not see him at first
and he had a moment for thought—and in
that moment the truth flashed upon him.
Here was the cook whom he had praised—
the cook whom he declared he would
have in his own house if he could get
her! And he could now understand
the blushing of the maiden and the
laughing rejoinder of the Judge. And
he remembered now of having overheard
Mrs. Lanark speaking to a member of
the family of the sickness of the cook,
and how unfortunate it was, and so on.

With a clear sense and quick compre-
hension, aided by keen powers of an-
alysis and reason, Roland read the whole
story. He had gone too far to retreat, so
he pushed boldly on into the kitchen.

"Ah, good morning, Miss Lanark.
Pardon my intrusion, but I saw the milk
pail come in, and I could not resist the
temptation. Oh! the old, old days! I
never shall forget them, and I trust I
may never outlive them. It was my
boyhood's delight to take from my
mother's hand the cup warm from the
milk-pail. This is the first opportunity
that has presented itself for many long
years, and I could not resist the tempta-
tion. You will pardon me I know."

At first Kate had been startled ter-
ribly; but she met the suppliant's look,
and the music of the old home love fell
upon her ear, and when she saw, as by
instinct, that the whole scene was pleas-
ant to him, she felt her heart bound with
gleeful assurance; and brushing the
flakes of dough from her arms, she went
and filled a bowl with the new milk and
brought it to him.

"I trust," she said, with a beaming
smile, "that the dust of toil upon my
hands will not render the offering less
acceptable."

No matter what Roland replied, he
said something and then drank the milk.
He evidently longed to linger in the
kitchen, but propriety forbade, and, with
more of his real feelings in his looks
than in his speech, he retired.

A few days thereafter the young
banker sought the Judge in his study,
and said as he took a seat, that he had
something important to say.

"I come," he said, "to ask of you that
I may seek the hand of your daughter."

The Judge was agreeably surprised.
He had fancied that of late the youth
had been growing cold toward his
daughters.

"My dear boy," said he, "between you
and me there need be no beating about
the bush. I should be both proud and
happy to welcome you as my son
Which of the two is it?"

"Of the two?" repeated Roland.

"Ah; is it Isabel or Bertha?"

"Neither, sir; it is Kate I want."

"Kate!" cried the old man in blank
astonishment. But quickly a glad light
danced in his eyes.

"Yes, Judge, your Kate is the woman
I want I can win her."

"But, my dear boy, how in the world
did you manage to find my pearl, my
ruby, among the household jewels? Where
and when have you discovered the
priceless worth of that sweet child?"

"I discovered it first in the kitchen,
Judge; I first felt irrevocably and truly
in love with her when I found her
with her white arms bare, making bread
I have known her better since. It is your
Kate I want."

"God bless you, my boy. Go and
win her if you can. And be sure, you
gain a treasure."

"Roland went away, and half an hour
afterward, the supernatural light that danced
in his eyes told the story of success."

And Kate when closely questioned,
confessed that the first flame of real
love which burned in her bosom for Rol-
and Archworth, was kindled by the
deep and true element of manhood which
he had displayed on that early morning
in the kitchen.

Of course Mrs. Lanark was willing
though she was surprised at the young
man's choice.

Isabel and Bertha were disappointed;
but since, at best, only one of them
could have won the prize, they con-
cluded on the whole, that it was well as it
was. They loved their sister, and were
really glad that they were thus enabled
to claim the wealthy banker for a brother-
in-law.

As for Roland and Kate, their happi-
ness was complete. Of all the accom-
plishments which his wife possesses, the
husband is chiefly proud of that which
enables her to be indeed as well as in
name, "the mistress of her home."

An Example For Young Men.

Those extra nice young men who
never wish to soil their hands with man-
ual labor but aspire to professional and
"gentility," can learn a good lesson
from the course pursued by the nephew
of the late Colonel Colt, of Hartford
Connecticut, who received from his un-
cle an immense fortune. At the time of
Colt's death, the nephew was learning
his trade of machinist, in his uncle's shop
working diligently every day, subject to
the same rules as other apprentices. On
his death, he became a millionaire; but
choosing a guardian to manage his prop-
erty, he continued at his labor and served
his apprenticeship. Now, when he
walks the rooms of his fine house, or
drives a handsome and costly team, he
has a consciousness that if his riches take
to themselves wings and fly away, he is
with the means of getting an honest
livelihood, and can make a fortune for
himself. He was a great mechanic, and
is not ashamed of it again. Labor, with
its accompanying dirt, is not dishonra-
ble or degrading; laziness, and its almost
necessary evils, are disgusting and des-
troying. Dirty hands and a sense of in-
dependencies are to be preferred to kid
gloves and the consciousness of being a
mere drone in the human hive. Tools
rust of neglect—wear out from use.
Neglect is criminal—use is beneficial.
So with man's capacities—better wear
them out than let them rust.

HOW A BLOAT WAS CURED—As
our cattle were turned to pasture last
Spring, a nice yearling heifer was af-
fected with bloat, which did not abate,
but increased for more than two weeks.
We did not see her chew her cud, al-
though she was not within observation,
except at milking time. We gave her
a slice of salt, fat pork sprinkled on
both sides with ground black pepper.
She ate it readily, and soon made a
spasmodic effort as if to raise something
into her mouth. Another slice of pork,
well peppered, was given her, and she
went to pasture with the other cattle as
usual. When she was next observed,
she was chewing her cud as leisurely as
the other cattle, but the bloat had not all
gone down. A teaspoonful of salt was
moistened and rubbed upon the bloated
side, and next day the bloat was all
gone, and did not appear again. She
grew nicely through the season, and was
lively and well.

HOW TO KEEP THE BOYS—An in-
telligent and thrifty farmer says: "But
for the co-operation of my boys I should
have failed. The eldest is near twenty
one, and the other boys in the neigh-
borhood, younger, have left their parents;
mine have stuck to me when I most
needed their services. I attribute this
result to the fact that I have tried to
make home pleasant for them. I have
furnished them with attractive and use-
ful reading, and when night comes, and
the day's work is ended, instead of run-
ning with other boys to the railroad sta-
tion and adjoining towns, they gathered
around the great lamp, and become in-
terested in their books and papers."

"MADAM," said a husband to his wife
in a little altercation which will occur in
the best regulated families, "when a
man and his wife have quarreled, and
each considers the other at fault, which
of the two ought to advance toward a re-
conciliation?" The best natured and
wisest of the two," said the wife, putting
up her mouth for a kiss, which was given
with unction.

DURING the conference at Worcester
the following dialogue was overheard be-
tween the newsboys: "I say, Jim,
what's the meaning of so many ministers
being here together?" "Why," an-
swered Jim scornfully, "they always
meet once a year to exchange sermons
with each other."

As daylight can be seen through very
small holes, so little things will illustrate
a person's character. Indeed, character
consists in little acts, habitually and hon-
orably or dishonorably performed; daily
life being the quarry from which we
build it up and rough hew the habits that
form it.

It is not what we eat, but what we
digest, that makes us fat.

It is not what we read,